10

LIBERTY AND PROPERTY. A SATYR.

Castum esse decet pium Poetam
Ipsum. Versiculos nihil necesse est:
Qui tum denique habent salem at leporem
Si sint Molliculi & parum pudici.

Catullus.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Blue Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*. 1705.

LIBERTY
AND
PROPERTY.
A
SATYR.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball
in Ave-Mary-Lane. 1705.

LIBERTY AND PROPERTY.

A SATYR.

MY Muſe attempts no vain Heroick Skill,
Or Soars the Top of *Pindar*'s lofty Hill;
But begs Aſſiſtance from the force of Rhime,
The craggy Rock of Satyr's Mount to Climb;

Sharp Scourge of Villany reforming Gin,
That Stings and Laſhes ev'ry darling Sin;
Bane to the Great 'midſt their Voluptuous Joys,
Which all their Golden Dreams of Vice deſtroys.

Riſe thou Diſturber of the *Libertine*,
Thou that Invades his *Free-born* Right to Sin;
Riſe now and ſhame him for his boaſted Crime,
That he wou'd plead Preſcription for in Time,
And tell Poſterity *Cain* did proceed
A Wretch Nefarious from the Serpent's Seed;
But loſing Paradiſe gain'd Liberty,
Like *Lucifer*, a larger World to Rule,
Where all he ſaw he call'd his Property.
And this was Native Freedom, which we now
Warmly purſue as fondly gull'd with ſhow,
And fair Pretexts of fam'd Happineſs,
But meet with nought but Sorrow and Diſtreſs,
Yet recommend it for the choiceſt Good
This World beſtows: And what if underſtood

Wou'd

Wou'd free us from the Chains we fancy Great,
And undeceive us in the gilded Cheat.
We rave like Madmen after; ſo unknown
Talk much of Liberty that's not our own,
Of Men that ſeeming Slavery deſpiſe,
Yet court Confinement 'cauſe they're fancy'd
(Wiſe.

This is the State of *Libertines* True-born,
Who wou'd their Land with Servitude adorn,
A Servitude which they themſelves term Free,
Tho' 'tis but counterfeited *Liberty*;
When juſt Reſpect to Laws does others bleſs,
It Curſes them with their own Happineſs.

Mankind will ſtill think that Condition beſt
In which they are with their own Freedom Bleſt.
So *Adam* Judg'd, nor did he go aſtray,
Till Heaven's Command was giv'n to obey.

He

He try'd and found his Vicious Will was Free,
And then reſolv'd on Fatal *Liberty*.
What 'twas he gain'd his Race knows now too well,
Freedom on Earth to damn himſelf in Hell.
Of Luſt this was th' unerring Conſequence,
That he might reign 'midſt the Delights of Sence,
And know no Ruler o'er him but deſire,
Which kindled in his Breaſt a raging Fire,
And makes Man thirſt ſtill after that in Vain,
Which creates Pleaſure, not which procures Pain.

Oh Curſed Liberty! thou didſt prepare
The Murd'ring Engines of Flagitious War.
From Thee Famine may date its Train of Ills,
For had it not been for our Vicious Wills
To raiſe Rebellion, we had never known
Miſchiefs our Appetites procure alone.
Deſire, the Spring of our inſatiate Luſt,
Still rages in us with a pleaſing Guſt,

And makes us run more than the Brute aſtray,
The happy Brute that Nature does obey;
And is more free than Man with all his Vanity
Of Reaſon, and of Native Liberty.

What ſtrange bewitching Word is that which (draws
So many Fools to Bondage without Laws,
And Gilds o'er Slavery with ſo fine a Gloſs,
It tempts th' unweary to embrace the Croſs;
That ſuch a Train of ſplendid Good can ſhow,
And oſtentatious Pomp that with it go,
To flatter Multitudes, and to delight
Thoſe who are pleas'd with ſuch a dazling Sight?

Alas! Such ſee not thro' the Painted Screen,
Behind which is diſclos'd a a rueful Scene,
A Chaſm horrid, like the gaping Pit,
Where ſudden Ruin in Rebellion's Writ,
And where the Fates for Man's Deſtruction ſit.

Unhappy Freedom! How thou'rt underſtood
The Author of thoſe Ills that we call Good;
Becauſe thy ſpecious Name's ne'er us'd in vain,
In what deſigning Men attempt to gain.
Thou Foremoſt ſtands in every Change of State,
And art enroll'd in the Black Liſt of Fate.
By thee alone Knaves act their Villany,
And ev'ry Triumph's grac'd with *Liberty*.

The Godlike *Brutus* firſt did Honour thee
With Spoils of Noble Immortality;
Of *Tarquin*'s Bloody Cruelties aſham'd,
His gen'rous Breaſt with Freedom was inflam'd,
But curs'd the Cauſe from whence it firſt was nam'd.
For *Liberty* that once was counted Brave,
Is now proclaim'd by ev'ry ſervile Slave.

Aſs-

Aſs-like it bears the Burdens we wou'd fly,
Bends low beneath the Weight of Tyranny,
And is the Pack-horſe of rebellious *Liberty*.
A Cloak to every State-Deſign that's Baſe,
And Masks the Villain with a Beauteous Face.

Victorious *Rome* oft felt its Fatal Pow'r,
And did at laſt yield to this Conqueror,
Till chang'd ſo oft with the fine ſpecious Name,
It loſt the Bleſſing when it gain'd the Fame.
Around the wondring World this Deity
With frantick Madneſs flew: And Victory
Purſu'd where-e'er her Banners were diſplay'd,
In vain was Force imploy'd againſt her Aid.
The *Eaſtern* Monarchies that ſpread ſo wide,
Were made as ſportive Victims to her Pride.
Greece was with all its Ancient Glory loſt,
And *Rome* of *Liberty* that boaſted moſt,
For the rough *Galls* their Expectations croſt.

At last the *Goths* rush'd in like a vast Sea,
And curs'd all *Europe* with new *Liberty*.
So do impetuous Torrents down the *Volga* pour,
And in the calm pacifick Ocean roar.
This broke the Neck of the Imperial Sway,
And brought Confusion into *Italy*.
Nor did our Island miss this storming Tide
Of Fatal Pow'r, enrag'd with *Free-born* Pride.
The sad Effects remain among us yet,
We love the Poison, and we reap the Fruit;
Fond of the Charm still Propagate the Seed,
And Cultivate with Care the baneful VVeed,
From which of Faction we've a plenteous Breed.

Good Heavens! Is this our Native Property,
For which we so much Time and Blood imploy?
No sure, 'tis something more and greater still,
VVe fancy't *Freedom* to do what we will.

Alas!

Alas! is this the *Liberty* we boaſt,
For which juſt Heav'n our great Forefather curſt?
Slaves to our VVill's the Height of Slavery,
For that is in Perfection Anarchy.
And he that is moſt Happy and moſt Free,
Is he that knows leaſt of ſuch *Liberty*.
Who can juſt Laws without Reſerve obey,
Laws made Secure from Arbitrary Sway?
Where Pow'r is limited, Juſtice confin'd,
To Rules of Reaſon, not a lawleſs Mind,
For that is Tyranny in any kind.

We hunt for *Freedom* with a ſtudied Care,
Till we our ſelves are fetter'd with the Snare.
At laſt we find 'tis Harder to avoid
The Net, than gain the thing we thought deny'd.
How Vain we talk of *Britons* living Free,
And Rights which we enjoy as happily,

While *Liberty* with *Liberty* is croſt,
Tho' that is ev'ry Zealous Patriot's Boaſt,
While he is ſeeking to enſlave his Country loſt.
So did the bold Uſurper *Cromwell* cry,
Amidſt the Crowd, for *Free-born Liberty*.
For this it was he pray'd, for this he fought,
But Empire was the thing's Ambition ſought.
And *Liberty* he call'd the pleaſing Cheat,
That made the People Slaves, the Tyrant Great.
His Golden Promiſes they ne'er enjoy'd,
But ſoon perceiv'd their Liberties deſtroy'd.
Gaul'd with his Weight they found themſeves i'th' (VVrong,
He preſs'd too hard to be ſupported long.

VVhat Force on Fancy is't we would impoſe
For real Good, which e'er we gain we loſe?
How we deceive our ſelves with Liberty in Vain,
And call that Pleaſure which ſtill gives us Pain?

Tyrants in Power we Noble Patriots call,
Not such as built, but would'd blow up the *Hall.*
Such as would Sell Old *Englifh* Liberty,
And New entail on their Poſterity.

Theſe are the Men that now-a-days profeſs
Religion for no more than outward Dreſs.
A Thing at Liberty to leave or chuſe,
VVhich few or none but for a Faſhion uſe.
Thoſe who pretend to't moſt are found to be
At laſt the moſt engag'd in Villany.
This is the Cauſe why they ſeem ſo Devout,
That undiſcern'd the Devil may go in and out.

The Hypocrite will always be in Vogue,
For none deceives like a ſanctifi'd Rogue.
No State can exercife ſuch Tyranny,
But for his Ends he'll call it *Liberty.*

Nor

Nor can Religion be profeſs'd amiſs,
For ev'ry true or falſe Religion's his.
He that profeſſes none 'gainſt Law offends,
For Want of that will ruin all its Ends.
Ev'n the Pretence excuſes many Crimes,
Cauſe moſt are but Pretenders in theſe Times.

So *H-vrſh—m*'s Religious, it is True,
He ſhow's it much among the Canting Crew.
When they by Couples with his L——p ride,
And ſhew their true Religion by their Pride.
But this is Vain, I fear, and won't ſupply
His real Want of Moral Honeſty,
Nor hide his Crime in turning out of Door
An honeſt Wife for a notorious Wh—re.

S-m-r's was always Juſt to *Liberty*,
And from a Wife he ever wou'd be Free,
To take a little of his Neighbour's Property.

This

This is the Liberty ſo me recommend,
This 'tis for which ſo many Peers contend,
Cuckold a Man to make him more their Friend.
Tho' ſome of them abhor Adultery,
Becauſe they'd rather with our Daughters lye.
So *O—d* ſtain'd his Family and Name,
And *V—e* too raſhly loſt her Virgin Fame.

Alas how many Virgin Victims has he made?
How have they by his Honour been betray'd?
Nor is this Noble L—d the only Peer
That does for lawleſs *Liberty* appear,
We have remaining ſtill a *D—nſh—re*,
Tho' we may of our fancy'd *Freedoms* boaſt,
All our Old *Property* is loſt;
Yet we are Bleſt; for under bounteous Heav'n,
We have a great deal ſtill preſerv'd by *Sev'n*,
Who were the Guardian Angels of the State,
When Plots in *Scotland* were ſo Rife of late.

And their Endeavours now wou'd ſet us Free
From all the Fears of Hell and *Popery*.
If we'd but be contented with their Care,
We ſhou'd be Free as Fowls that fly in Air,
Be well provided for, but have no Food to ſpare.
For *Property* it ſhou'd in Common be,
No Lawyer nor Phyſician take a Fee,
The Prieſt ſhou'd preach without Tithe-Gooſe or
(Pig,
And ev'ry Man be *Free* that was a *Whig*;
Have *Liberty* to Lie, or Swear, or Pray,
And ev'ry Man ſerve God in his own Way;
Be Good according the Gift of *Grace*,
Whether in Church or State, ſo't be a *Place*;
Let him leave his Religion at th' Church Door,
And bring home nothing to ſupport the Poor.
For if he prays his Brains out of his Skull,
It will not fill his Neigbour's Belly full.
Yet this is Freedom, to do what one will,
Keep Whores, cheat Wives, do any thing but kill.

Betray

Betray the Church; for that's a holy Cheat,
And he that is not in it let him wait,
While other B—ds Fatten, and grow Great.

Thus *Liberty* you ſee's a heav'nly Thing,
That ſome wou'd not exhange to be a King.
What has the *Saxon* got then by a Crown,
That *Poliſh Liberty* will needs pull down?
As much as any Monarch will get here,
While *Liberty* rouls in ſo large a Sphere.
While Bribes can make a *Senate* choſen Free,
And *Gallick* Wine buy *Engliſh Liberty*.
While good and honeſt Men theſe things abhor,
Strong Beer and Brandy makes a *Senator*.
But 'tis our *Engliſh* Birthright to be Free,
Elections are a kind of *Jubilee*,
By Cuſtom priviledg'd for Villany.
The Mob are then our Sov'reign Lords that rule,
And who they chuſe muſt be their *Idol Fool*.

A Man who muſt not make the leaſt Pretence
To judge by Reaſon, or be rul'd by Sence,
But muſt, for what they chuſe him, ſtill maintain
Their *Liberty* and *Property* to reign.
The People then are Mad with *Liberty*,
Tho' that's the meaneſt Bleſſing they enjoy.
Miſtaken in their Aim they miſs the End,
That Happineſs for which they ſo contend.
The Uſe of *Liberty* is known to few
Who ſteer aright, and can their Courſe purſue.
Man's VVill's ſo various Wiſe Men only know,
What 'tis they wou'd, or what they wou'd not do.

Th' Extent of *Liberty* is ſordid Luſt,
That makes Men Villains, Barb'rous, and Unjuſt.
Not ſuch a Freedom as was once poſſeſt,
By *Britons* under Glorious Monarchs bleſt,
Who taught Rebellious Subjects to obey,
And yet impos'd no Yoke of Slavery.

Monarchs

Monarchs that kept wild Libertines in awe,
Yet gave the People ev'ry wholesome Law.
No Base *Republican* durst then aspire
To set the Land with *Liberty* on Fire;
But honest Laws then made the People free,
And Law was understood just *Liberty*.
But now 'tis chang'd, and hard to understand
What is the Law or Freedom of the Land.
Judges themselves in dubious Judgment sit,
Nor dare pronounce that Law which so was (writ;
And Legislators wo'n't those Records know,
Those Ancient Scrowls of Power that make them (so.

Yet this is *Liberty* with which we're blest,
Or with which we are dev'lishly possest;
For none but *Englishmen* wou'd love that Pow'r
Again which did their Country once devour.

That Fatal Power which makes the Blood-
(hounds cry
So fiercely, and ſo loud for *Liberty*.
For what elſe can b'imagin'd their Pretence
'Gainſt Law, 'gainſt Reaſon, againſt Com-
(mon Senſe,
But popular Applauſe, that may ſupport
Their Pride and Vanity to Grace the Court?
Theſe are the Wooden Gods which we adore,
And which are made ſo by the Peoples Pow'r;
But they are hollow Veſſels we deſtroy,
The pleaſant Fruits of Peace we ſhou'd enjoy.

Nor is Religion, as embrac'd among us, free
From this uſurping Pow'r of *Liberty*,
For any now may ſafely approach the Throne
That has a Name whereby it may be known.
B--ſh--ps themſelves ſuch ſtrange Opinions hold,
We cannot tell the New Church from the Old,

And *Paſtors* do ſuch ſmall Diſtinction keep,
We know not well the Shepherds from the
Sheep.

So *M---re*, tho' *Apoſtle-like* he makes not Tents,
Yet buys and ſells old Books to 'ncreaſe his
(Rents;
Nor is contented with ſuch crafty Gains,
But Quacks in Phyſick with induſtrious Pains,
Not for the Church, but for the Pence, imploys
(his Brains.
You may him daily to a Patient Trace,
Diſpenſing Phyſick, not diſpenſing Grace,
Which wou'd become one better in his Place.

But this proceeds from's Conſcience being free,
To Preach, or, which he'd rather, take a Fee;
I only think it hard in ſuch a Land as this,
VVhere any Freedom ſeldom comes amiſs,

Phyſicians

Phyſicians do not Cant, and Preach, and Pray,
Since they may eaſ'ly find much more to ſay
Than a dull B----p in the Phyſick Way.

But Pr---ts in Bills like Mountebanks appear,
VVe meet 'em now in Publick ev'rywhere.
T--lb--r, and *W--gſ--ff*, and a Thouſand more,
Pretend this *Liberty* to help the Poor,
But all Men know it's on another Score.
Prieſt and *Phyſician* never was allow'd,
For both in one's a Villain underſtood,
VVho by Profeſſion recommends Deceit,
For *Prieſtcraft* will make Phyſick more a Cheat.

Then he who ventures that Dear Bleſſing Health,
Mong Prieſts, Old Women, Quacks, to ſave his Wealth,
Ought not once to be pity'd more than he
Who ſells his Life to purchaſe *Liberty*,

Or

Or ſpends his Subſtance to ſupport a Pow'r
That Governs o'er him like a Conqueror
With one continu'd Arbitrary Sway,
That makes ev'n Majeſty itſelf obey.
No Tyrant Reigns ſo abſolute as ſhe,
For the more Lawleſs, the more *Liberty*.

How Idly then we ſtruggle to be Free,
And loſe our Primitive Simplicity;
How fondly catch at fancy'd Happineſs,
And loſe the Bleſſing that we wou'd poſſeſs;
Start from the Laws that Nature does ordain,
And follow Politicks abſtruſe and vain;
Purſue the Slights of ſubtle *Machiavel*,
The Road that leads at *Liberty* to Hell,
And leave th' unerring Way right Reaſon ſhows,
Reaſon, that ev'ry thing we need to know beſtows.

This is the Caſe of all that wou'd be free,
And follow the wild Laws of *Liberty*;
Men who're debauch'd in Principles from Good,
And have Rebellion running in their Blood,
Wou'd have it only *Freedom* underſtood.
But 'tis the Luſt of Rule ſuch Men deſire,
A Luſt their deprav'd Appetites require;
For Reaſon Governs with a milder Sway,
Learns us to be Content, and to Obey.

FINIS.